

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOL. VII.

FLORENCE, PINAL CO., ARIZONA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

NO. 19.

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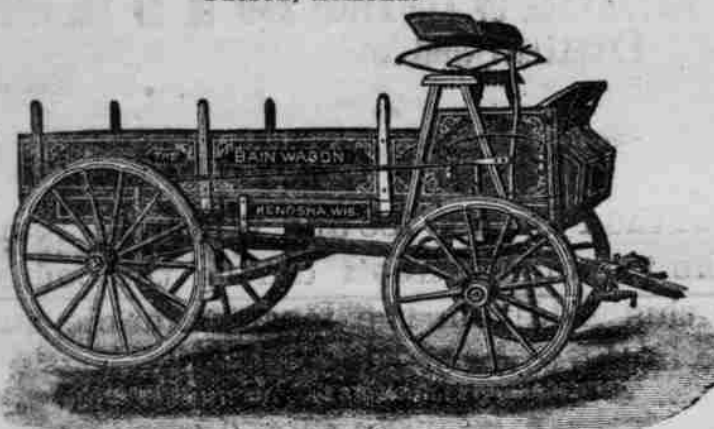
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HIS DEPTH OF WOE.

Och, Kittle, I love ye, an' faith I can't mend it, Yer lips are so rosy, yer eyes are so blue; With a smile that's so rough—the saints all do find it!

That if I am rovin', the fault is wid you. Ye chide me an' frown, yet meself it is thinkin', More angry ye'd be wid me were I no go; Sure, Kittle, me heart like a stone would be sinkin'.

If I thought that wid more than yer lips ye said so. Then out on ye foolin', me darlin', nor tase me; But end this suspense if ye value me life— In coorse there is many another could place me. An' make, like yerself, me a true, lovin' wife.

Don't flash wid yer two eyes, I didn't quite mane it. Though the truth 'tis the same, an' the devil may be. Thin come to my arm—och, must I explain it?

Me socks are all out at the heel an' the toe. There's the pig, the poor darlin', an' sure he is failin'. Wid growlin' an' moanin'—begob it's a sin! From mornin' till night the swate craythur is waitin'.

An' no one to carry his shawl to the pin. Thin come to me shanty, I beg of ye, Kittle; Say ye, an' wid joy I'll be dancin' a jig; If not for meself in yer heart ye take pity, Och, Kittle, remember the woe of me pig!

—Charles H. Turner in Birmingham on Republic.

A POET'S BITTER EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told of a Rhymester Who Is Known Only as "Horse" Editor.

How many men would soberly write themselves down as poets by profession in the yearly census? I know one poet, really a poet, who has published four volumes of poetry—I use the much abused word advisedly and in its highest sense—and I suppose that not one-third of his friends and acquaintances have any notion that his literary work takes any other direction than that of journalism; he certainly would give journalism as his profession, and I doubt if there be any department of poets in the commercial directory of this city.

Another poet I have known is a stockbroker in Wall street; a third edits a most unpoetic and commercial publication; a fourth writes reports on horse races for a daily paper, and is well known for his graphic descriptions and knowing prophecies concerning horse flesh.

This last poet is a stirring, lively fellow, with a family to support, and signs his little surreptitious volume of verses with an assumed name; he would not have it known as "the office" that the pretty book, with its exquisite dedication to the writer's wife, and its tender love poems to her, was written by him, for four times the money that its publication cost him. The wife knows it, half a dozen intimate friends and the publisher know, but nobody else knows nor cares who or what the author is.

Two hundred copies of the book were sent to newspaper offices in different parts of the country, fifty to such men through their lives or writings, twenty-five were sold, and 225, the balance of the edition, stand on a shelf in the dark cellar under the bookseller's office.

"Poetry is a drug in the market," is the common phrase of the publishers to-day, and yet it is hard to believe that there is no use for the poet in the present and the future. What did my friend, the horse racing poet, get back from his little volume, that cost him so many sleepless nights, such exquisite anxiety, such grievous birth pangs, such painful, loving labor, so many hard earned dollars? A large bill from his publisher, 100 newspaper criticisms, some of which mocked, some complimented, some questioned, some philosophized on, a few of which praised his venture into verse.

It was my fortune to sit with him and his wife in their wee cheery parlors and read the criticisms, which at the end of every week he brought home, clipped from newspapers, magazines, reviews and theatre programmes from every section of the country. Very few of the writers had read the book, and fewer had thought about it. I was surprised to find how quietly he took some of these notices, which showed so plainly that the writers had barely skimmed the volume and had used it merely as a peg to hang a paragraph upon. The little fierce wife, who had gone without a new frock or bonnet the whole year through, who had pinched and economized, her luxuriously natured self in a thousand different ways in order that the book—her book—written for love of her, might be fittingly printed, would cry with angry disappointment and sympathy for her husband, but he took it all patiently, heroically. He read the poet wit at his expense, the heartless ridicule, the lukewarm, perfunctory praise from a critic who was under obligations to the house which brought out the book, the misquotations, the article written by a man who had read the first and last verses of a happy idyl and mistook it for a tragedy and proceeded to reduce the poet to fragments, to bray him in a mortar, and to serve the tragedy muse in these days when the public wants cheerfulness and comedy. All these he read with a calm gravity.

He paged all the extracts carefully into a book; they took up many pages, and on one, the last in the book, he put the half-dozen real criticisms out of the whole lot. Two of these praised him and encouraged him; two criticized him from a high and intelligent standpoint; one told him that he had lived too late; and the sixth dispassionately pointed out to him what a waste of time the writing of the book had been. Around this page the poet drew a line with his red chalk pencil, and then put the book away, and began writing out the notes he had made on the race at the Country club that afternoon.

This experience of my friend's has led me to much speculation as to the poet of the future. What manner of man, what style of writer will he be?—Boston Transcript.

Destruction of Our Forests. The agricultural department has issued a report which shows that 10,000,000 acres of forest are used yearly in this country for fuel and lumber. Fires, it is calculated, destroy about 10,000,000 acres more. The forest area of the country is less than 450,000,000 acres. At this rate we will in less than a quarter of a century have no forests. Whatever relief may come in the future from a change in the fuel question the demands for timber will increase as the country increases in population. The whole thing seems to point to arboriculture on a large scale and systematically, and in no long time either.—Indianapolis News.

VARIETIES OF HANDSHAKING.

How the Custom First Originated—Peccadilloes of Different People.

"Did you ever consider how people first began to shake hands? No? Well, then, sit down here and I'll tell you what I think about it, for I have given this subject some study," said a gentleman to a reporter. "My opinion is that in early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends, or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand alike of offense and defense—the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk or other weapon of war. Each of these to the log to reach the hand was empty and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double dyed traitor and villain and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with him."

"Did you ever observe that the ladies never shake hands with the cordiality of men unless it be with each other? The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related, in which cases handshaking is not needed and the lips do more agreeable duty."

"Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined. There is certainly great art in handshaking, but I call you the kind of handshake I hate, and that is one of the what I call the jolly good fellow handshakes. One of these fellows will grasp your hand, squeeze it until the tears run down your cheeks and then, using your arm in the same manner as a pump handle, will go on shaking all the time he is talking to you, letting it rest easy for a moment or so, with the exception of a little spasmodic shake now and again, only, however, to start in afresh. The first time you imagine he is doing it because he is extremely glad to see you, but when you see him manifest the same cordiality toward people whom he met for the first time yesterday and toward those with whom he has been intimate for years you know he is a humbug or is, at any rate, acting from habit. But of all the men to be avoided the man who squeezes your hand in an excruciating manner on a false pretense is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he regards you highly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you. You think you are no great shakes after all, or, worse still, abuse you behind your back."

"Another and even more odious kind of handshake is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it. He is to be treated with the most of supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies is worse than not to be saluted at all. If hands are to be shaken let it be done properly. Another species of handshaker I detest is the man who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say, 'I am either too preoccupied myself or think too little of you to give you my whole hand.' With such a man the interchange of a word with the latest and scintillating courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self respect."

"Yet another objectionable man is the one that shoves out his left hand in greeting you. That is discourteous, sometimes intentional and sometimes not, but it is an act that no true gentleman would commit. There is really no reason why it should be more discourteous than to kiss the left cheek instead of the right, but doubtless the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutations dates from those early times when handshaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity the weapon of war. The poor left hand that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left foot or leg is as strong as the right foot or leg, because they are both used equally, has fallen into disrepute as well as into comparative disuse, until it has become an accepted phrase to say of any proceedings that is unattractive, artful, sly or secretly malicious, that it is 'sinister'—that it is left handed."

"I do not," he continued, "object to shake hands on certain occasions, but it is this perpetual 'shake, shake,' with everybody that I object to. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintance with either of these masterpieces of creation as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal. Even to grasp the paw of an intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake on being asked to do so, is something pleasant. For the dog, unlike some men, would scorn to give his paw to one in whose eye and in whose face he, by his fine instinct, in some respects the equal if not the superior of reason, discovered treachery or evil. As I have said, it is the continued hand shaking with Tom, Dick and Harry that ought to be put a stop to."—Chicago News.

People Partially Unsound. In the form of insanity generally known as mania—but for which the term paranoia is now preferred—the person shows signs of mental unsoundness only on particular subjects, or under special conditions.

Many persons who are thus partially unsound are attracted to this country from Germany and Italy, and readily pass as sane until long after their arrival, and rear families disposed to insanity.

The proportion of such persons of German and Italian parentage found in our asylums is double that in the asylums of their ancestral country.—Youth's Companion.

Japan Made to be Europeanized. Japanese native music is now to be Europeanized. A conservatoire will shortly be organized at Tokio, on the model of the Viennese conservatoire, where Japanese musicians will be trained on the most approved system of western musical study.

Some flashes of lightning are believed to reach a length of ten miles.

Log Drivers by Maine.

The perils of "rivermen" in getting down the drives are but little known to the outside world, especially when there is a jam, and the attempt is made to break it. When one of these big jams occurs it requires not only skill, but a great deal of daring, to start it. Often times it is a marvel how those spike booted fellows, armed with their steel spike poles and cant dogs, escape with their lives. When the huge mass of logs wedges in between the banks of the river, apparently insurmountable, confusion ensues. But these brave, tough men have quick eyes, and are as nimble as cats, with, perhaps, as many lives.

When the jam is started and the resistless, turbulent waters set the wrenching and cross bound logs to spinning and plunging downward in a tremendous roar, the agility and recklessness which they display in leaping from log to log, to reach the shore in safety, forms an exciting spectacle as one would care to witness.

Most of these log drivers are French Canadians. There has been a great change of late years in the nationality of those who handle the woodman's ax, and who work on the rivers. Formerly Yankee crews were generally employed, now foreign labor is chiefly hauled from the provinces. There is an army of "P. E. I. men," as they are known, hired by the Penobscot lumbermen, who come from Prince Edward Island. There is more or less feeling shown by the Yankee rivermen toward the French Canadians who work with them, which frequently culminates in desperate fights. "The Forks" of the Kennebec has been often the scene of these bloody encounters in the early spring months when the driving season opens, and later on during the summer months when the "Kanucks" come down the Canada road to hire out to the Maine haymakers.

Canadian "white whisky," as it is called, is at the bottom of these fights, which usually wind up with a score of "Kanucks" getting their faces sadly disfigured, especially if any of the notorious Bear family take a hand in these fist battles.—Augusta (Me.) Letter.

The Islands of the Pacific. In addition to the two large islands recently discovered in the Pacific ocean, a third has just been discovered lying less than 100 miles from the northern coast of New Guinea. It has been named Allison Island, is nearly three miles long, rises about 100 feet to 150 feet above the sea, and has abundant timber. Several stretches of fertile and inhabited land, some of them much larger than Allison Island, have been found within a few years at a distance of 200 or 300 miles from the New Guinea coast, and similar discoveries are made once in a while in various parts of the Pacific. Although the maps of the Pacific ocean are studded with islands which appear to be lying close together, vessels may sail among these islands for weeks together without once coming in sight of land. So vast is the waste of waters, that not long ago a crew which had been shipwrecked in the great island region of the Pacific roved north forty days before they reached Hawaii, the nearest land.

Mr. R. W. Wallace, who has traveled widely in the Pacific, has expressed the opinion that there are still a good many islands which have never yet been seen by white men. Now and then a Pacific trader finds some new or little known island, and opens trade with its inhabitants. When the Woodlark islands were explored some time ago, it was found that an Australian firm had carefully charted the islands several years before, and had been quietly trading there, all unknown to the other Pacific merchants.—Scientific American.

Spotting the Rhine's Scenery. On the Rhine vandals make the shape of extensive quarries which threaten to make the famous Siegenburg, the most picturesque and romantic spot along the banks of the Rhine, into a shapeless mass. Not that this is the first raid which has been made on the wild beauty of the Seven Mountains. Who, of all the millions which have of recent years seen the Drachenfels from one of the Saloon-boats which ply the river during summer, has not turned away in disgust from the lordly castle in glaring red brick which proudly—or impudently rather—looks down from the wooded heights where once a terrible dragon lay in wait for human prey deep in the oak forest in a cave which is still shown as the haunt of the Wurm? As the center and one of the prettiest spots on the Rhine, the castle, with its eventful history and gables, would be justly admired; on the rugged heights round which countless old legends are dwelling, it is a cruel eyesore. No wonder then that petition after petition is brought before the German chamber of deputies, and that all Germany is rising up in arms against the desecration of one of its most interesting monuments of a romantic past.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Egyptian's Clock. Egyptian laziness is shown in the way clocks have to be manufactured for the special market. They strike the hour twice in succession. For as a native very aptly said: "The first time one is generally asleep, and if one happens to be awakened by the noise one does not hear the whole number told. To get up and see the time, or even to open the eyes needlessly, is fatiguing, therefore the clock begins over again."—New York Times Book Review.

Hunting for Natural Gas. The whole world seems to be hunting for natural gas or oil. While every town in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, Michigan and other states either is or ought to be seriously considering the matter of securing natural gas, English capitalists are preparing to develop the oil prospects in upper Burma, where in many places signs of oil are visible on the surface.—Detroit Tribune.

Too Violent Exercise. "Marie," a fashionably dressed woman from the porch of the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga to her French bonnie. "Oui, madame," replied Marie. "You mustn't let Lulu run so. The poor child will get all wet up."—Harper's Bazar.

Twenty years ago not a singing bird, except in cages, could be heard in Eagle valley, Nevada, and now the warblings of the wild songsters can be heard from early morn till long after sunset.

It Went Where It Would Do the Most Good.

The certainty of the event was confirmed by the 206 Grand Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, which occurred at New Orleans, La., on Tuesday—always Tuesday—July 12th, 1887. It went off as usual; fortune's favors were scattered hither and thither, \$150,000 was the first Capital Prize; it went to No. 11,607 (sold in tenths at \$1 each); One to Chas. Sinter, No. 408 Dryades St., New Orleans La.; and to W. S. Locke of McMillan, Mich., collected through the First Nat'l Bank of Marquette Mich.; one to Henry Banks at Swiftwater Plantation near Greenville Miss, through Bank of Greenville, Miss.; one to John Murphy; Glenmary, Tenn., through First Nat'l Bank Chattanooga, Tenn.; one to Darius R. Burr, 179 Forsyth street, New York; one to J. Coleman, Petersburg, Va., through City Bank of Richmond, Va.; one to Archie L. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y.; two sold in New York City were collected through Wells, Fargo & Co. of San Francisco, Cal.; the remainder elsewhere. No. 95,441 drew the Second Capital Prize of \$50,000 (also sold in tenths at \$1 each); One to John L. Best, and one to John Cash, both of Portland, Me., paid through Adams Express Co.; one paid to Wells Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal., the remainder elsewhere. No. 15,322 drew the Third Capital Prize of \$20,000 (sold also in tenths at \$1 each); One to Isaac Vaughn of New York City, paid through Adams Express Company; one paid through the City Nat'l Bank of Cairo, Ill.; two more paid through the Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco, Cal., the remainder elsewhere. No. 31,502 and 46,936 drew the Fourth Two Capital Prizes of \$10,000 each (also sold in tenths at \$1 each), went around the world: to parties in New Orleans; New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Albuquerque, N.M., etc., etc. The total amount distributed was \$335,000 and went where it did the most good probably. Any information can be had by addressing M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. The next occurrence of a similar nature will be on Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

Literary Notes. The American Magazine will hereafter be published under the management of the American Magazine Company, a corporation abundantly equipped in finances and business experience. Readers are promised a continuous improvement of the magazine in all its departments, including several new and attractive features.

Dr. W. F. Hutchinson will continue his lively sketches of Venezuelan scenery and travel in the coming number. Curacao and Maracibo were visited, and an account is given of a very curious village of aboriginal lake-dwellers whose structures and mode of living connect the present with the prehistoric ages.

"Our New Navy" will be described and illustrated by Lieut. W. S. Hughes, U. S. N. From the accurate details given of the capacity and power of the new ships, the reader will be enabled to judge for himself how far they may serve in solving the problem of our naval defence.

Our neighbors over the border have within a very few years organized and equipped a large military force, and the militia includes all dwellers in the Dominion capable of bearing arms. The particulars will be presented by J. Macdonald Oxley in the September number. To most readers this account of the strength and efficiency of the military system of Canada will be a surprise.

In these days of yachting it is expedient to know something of the language of the sea. A paper by Lieut. F. S. Bassett, U. S. N., in the forthcoming number gives the curious names (with hints at their derivation) by which sailors designate the various parts of a ship and her rigging.

The story of "Olivia Delaplaine," by Edgar Rice, will be continued. The affairs of the heroine are evidently nearing a crisis.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (daughter of the great romancer) will contribute a short story to the September number of the American Magazine.

School Lands in the Territories. A Washington dispatch says, in the case of Thomas E. Watson, of Washington territory, in which is involved the question of the rights of settlers upon school lands in the Territories, Assistant Secretary Muldrow has decided that under the acts granting to the Territories lands for school purposes, where the land at the date of survey is occupied by an actual settler, his right to the land is superior to the right of the Territory; and that where school lands, at the date of survey, are occupied by an actual settler, the Territory is entitled to select equivalent lands in lieu thereof as indemnity; and having made such selection the indemnity land so selected is held in reservation in lieu of the school section upon which such selection was made; and the school section, by the act of such selection, is released from reservation, and therefore an entry of a school section made while the section of equivalent land remained intact was valid.

Jerry W. Sullivan, who probably ships more cattle than any other man in Arizona, predicts a big boom in live stock within the next two years, basing his predictions that with the taming of the evils of reckless haste in disposing of the cattle as well as unripe and immature stock, will become fully apparent to all in the shape of great scarcity of not only marketable, but breeding stock. Mr. Sullivan states that when the reaction does come it will not be a violent one, but of such a character as will ensure to it greater permanency and stability than any cattle boom heretofore. As Mr. Sullivan has spent about thirty years in the range stock business, during which time he has ranged all the way from Oregon to Arizona, and managed to pick up a handsome fortune on the road, his opinion is entitled to some consideration.—Hoof & Horn.

By an oversight of its school Census Marshal School District No. 1 in Pima county loses about \$3600 in the apportionment of school money. He omitted enumerating about 120 children.

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